91.1-FM

WINTER 86

WFMU

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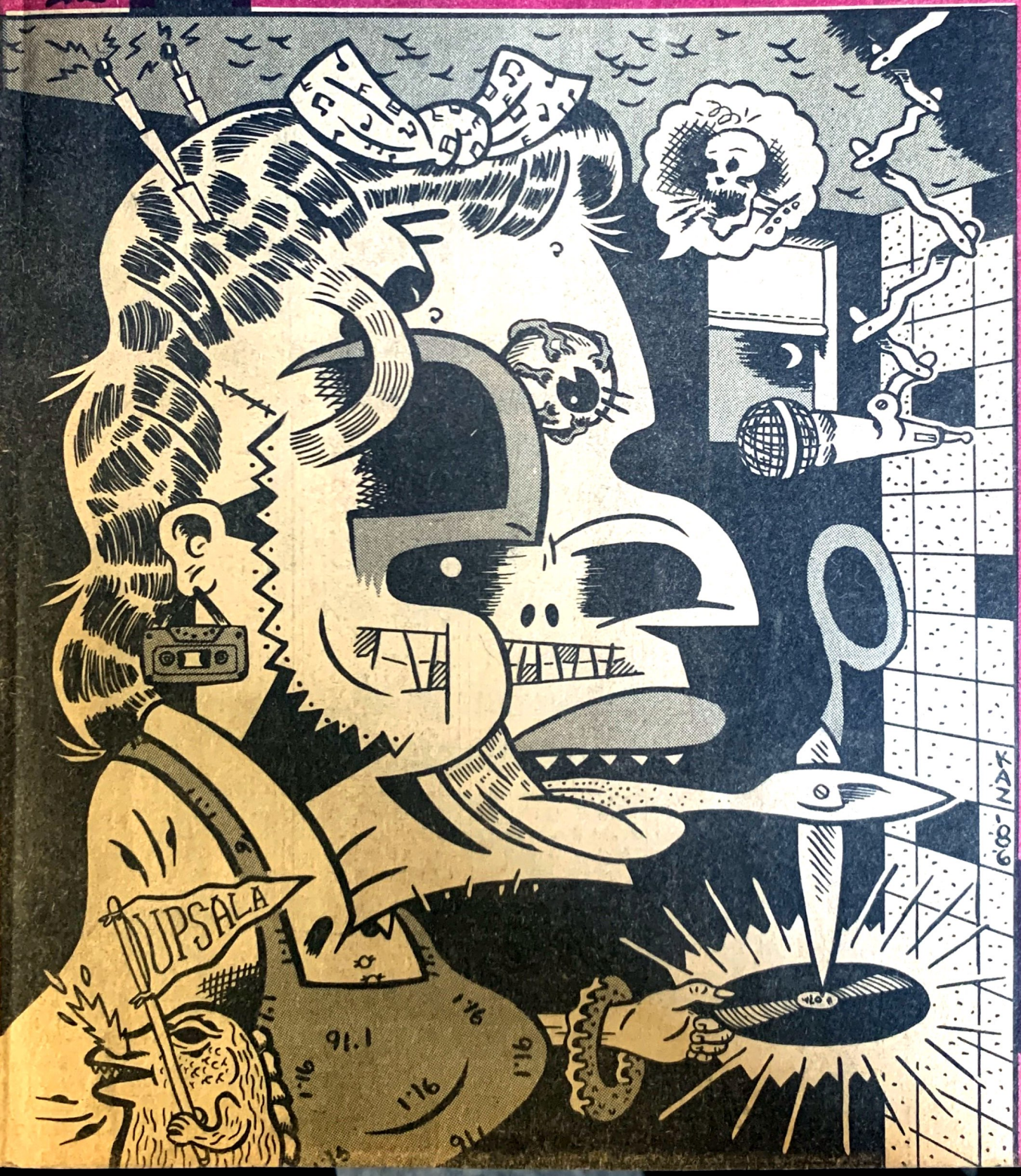
PROGRAM GUIDE



LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR

ENTERTAINMENT IS ALWAYS MOST SUCCESSFUL WHEN IT IS AIMED AT THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR. DO YOU THINK THAT WILL EVER CHANGE? *No one ever went broke by underestimating the intelligence of American people. And yes, it is a distraction-American culture especially. A lot of this culture increasingly needs and pays for escape, and it doesn't want to face the problems that are around it. It is inundated with superficial analysis which make it worried but doesn't make it clear what the problems are, so there is a kind of cloud of anxiety about poverty, about war, about AIDS, about innumerable things. It sees some sort of narcotic and needs narcotics or rock & roll, film, drugs. They are all part of the whole network of distraction, of illusion, which the culture feeds on & that's one of the great businesses, one of the great narcotics of American culture. If you are in the illusion business you've got a good business cause you've got a narcotic business.*

AFTER MONTHS OF INTENSIVE MARKET RESEARCH AND THE ACCUMULATION OF COUNTLESS VOLUMES OF FICTITIOUS DATA, THE WFMU SOCIAL RESEARCH DEPARTMENT HAS DETERMINED WHAT THE PUBLIC AT LARGE TRULY HANKERS FOR — A VISUAL/LITERARY COUNTERPART TO OUR RADIO PROGRAMMING. OBVIOUSLY, TO ATTEMPT SUCH A PROJECT WOULD BE FOOLISH AND FRAUGHT WITH DANGER. IN ITS PLACE, MAY WE HUMBLY OFFER **LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR,** A LISTENER AND STAFF JOURNAL WHICH WILL ALLUDE TO A CERTAIN RADIO STATION FROM TIME TO TIME, BUT WILL NOT LIMIT ITSELF TO WHAT GOES OUT OVER ITS AIRWAVES. MONTHS BACK, WHEN WE BEGAN SOLICITING SUBMISSIONS FOR THIS ISSUE, NOBODY EXPECTED THE MAGNITUDE OF THE OUTPOURING THAT WAS TO COME. WE RECEIVED ENOUGH EXCELLENT MATERIAL FOR THREE ISSUES, AND THE 'DEADLINE' DIDN'T STOP THE INFLUX. YOUR ENTHUSIASM HAS STARTED THIS BALL ROLLING, AND IT SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING TRIP INDEED.

HOPEFULLY, SOME OF YOU WILL BE AT LEAST CONCERNED TO SEE ADVERTISING IN THESE PAGES . . . FEAR NOT, IT DOES NOT PORTEND ANY CHANGE IN OUR LONG STANDING POLICY OF REJECTING ALL FORMS OF UNDERWRITING. ALL MONEY RAISED THROUGH ADVERTISING WILL GO RIGHT BACK INTO **LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR,** ALLOWING IT TO DEVELOP INTO A REGULAR ENTITY IF IT CHOOSES TO DO SO. WFMU PROUDLY REMAINS 100% LISTENER SPONSORED, MEANING ALL EXPENSES — ENGINEERING, SALARIES, UTILITIES, RENT ETC., ARE PAID OUT OF LISTENER CONTRIBUTIONS.

PLEASE LET US KNOW ANY COMMENTS OR SUGGESTIONS YOU HAVE REGARDING LCD OR WFMU IN GENERAL. MAIL THEM TO WFMU, UPSALA COLLEGE, EAST ORANGE, N.J. 07019. I'D LIKE TO THANK RICH CLARK AND DIANE FARRIS WHOSE WORK KEPT THE COST OF THIS VENTURE TO A MINIMUM.

NOW PLEASE DIG IN TO THESE PAGES, AND REMEMBER, THE RULES ARE THE SAME HERE AS ON THE AIR — YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE EVERYTHING.

Kenny Freedman

I WOULDN'T GIVE MONEY TO A RADIO STATION THAT WOULD HAVE ME AS A LISTENER.

БЕЗ БОГА WFMU ДОРОГА

This page consists of responses from the 1985 marathon survey, where the station's supporters are invited to make programming recommendations. It took a while, but 1,500 hand-written surveys were all read. Included here are some of the most eloquent exhortations for improving the station. They reflect the ongoing concerns, squabbles, and schisms within the staff itself regarding just what should go out over our common airwaves. All station criticism for use in future issues is graciously welcome. Address it to WFMU, Lowest Common Denominator, Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 07019.

Obviously your programming is a collection of your D.J.'s. If more played music that I liked, I would listen more. But I feel that to homogenize a sound would kill off the patient with the disease. Probably the first to go would be shows that I like. I think your curse is your greatest asset — eclectiCism. So please continue giving the greatest latitude to the widest variety of D.J.'s.

BOOKSTORE MANAGER, HOBOKEN

My idea of entertaining radio is humor mixed with spontanaeity, intelligence, imagination, and of course, quality music. Thank the lord (all of 'em) for WFMU. I wish I had more time to listen to your station. I work from 9-6 in New York City every weekday, hating every minute. When I get home, I quickly eat dinner and rush out to the car. I then park at the local train station and listen for a few hours. Since the local taxi dispatch depot is situated at the same train station, my reception is interrupted from time to time by the lady who mans the taxi radio. WFMU is the only radio station on which her interruptions fit in with the programming. Sometimes I even break out in laughter from the sound of her voice; I would venture to say that she probably does the world's greatest Audrey Meadows impersonation.

MITCHELL FRIEDMAN

For those of us who love musical eclecticism it was heartening to hear Irwin during marathon week decrying the polarization of commercial radio. When I last checked, though, you guys had THE FOLK SHOW, THE JAZZ SHOW, THE HARDCORE SHOW, THE ELECTRONIC MUSIC SHOW, THE PSYCHEDELIC SIXTIES SHOW — It gets worse every year. Your charm was always your musical variety. You've already diluted it severely. Don't make it worse.

LONG TIME LISTENER

WFMU seems to have a freedom of mind that is refreshing. I listen to listener-sponsored and/or public radio almost exclusively. WFMU is different from WBGO (WFMU is happily more eclectic), WBAI (You don't feel guilty that you're not doing enough when you listen to WFMU), etc. I enjoy the different personalities on WFMU, and the station's general personality as compared to other stations.

THEATRE TECHNICAL DIRECTOR, MANHATTAN

The only thing I that I would change would be to replace the Jazz with music from the Renaissance.

AGE 15, STATEN ISLAND

I like even what I **don't** like. I don't **have to** listen to it, do I?

MALE, AGE 32

Variety is the spice of life, and as such it is your strongest attribute. My roommate laughs at me a bit 'cause I fall asleep to your station, so when the alarm goes off in the morning we hear the Hebrew & Jewish program . . . being a Wzsp by background, it is a bit of an odd wake-up routine, but such is life. I didn't realize what a big audience that program had until I heard the calls coming in during the marathon. The show isn't **my** style, but kudos to **any** program, particularly at the far end of the dial, that can draw so much attention.

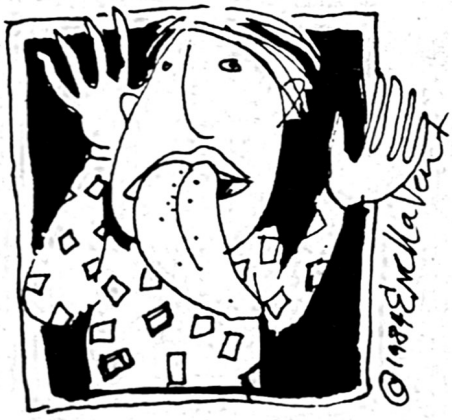
BROOKLYN COMPUTER SYSTEMS MANAGER

WFMU is too highbrow!

AGE 26, ENGINEER, FEMALE

Sometimes your announcers are a little sophomoric.

COURT REPORTER, HUNTERDON COUNTY, NJ



I love the diversity of programming that WFMU presents. It's especially refreshing to be exposed to new musical trends. However, lately it seems that all one hears is New Wave and synthesizer music. I think you're overdoing it a bit.

TEACHER, AGE 42

Sometimes I'll hear a good song and then have to wait a long time to find out what it was. Occasionally, the music falls into one category for too long. Overall, though WFMU is the best station around.

UNEMPLOYED, AGE 23

Too much talk, too much babbling! And sometimes I want to hear the same type of music for more than ten minutes at a stretch.

$25,000-$30,000/YEAR, NEW BRUNSWICK

I have been listening to FMU now for over four years. It has been true love the entire way through. Through the process of time though, I have noticed that some programs have lost their originality. I enjoy FMU most when I don't know what to expect. As an example, Sunday has two Reggae shows on. **I like** Reggae, but I just can't take that much of it. Other shows fit into this category; I don't want to pick on any one show. What at first seemed so creative and original through time turns to much of the same as last week. You can defend yourself by saying that this is what the D.J. is into and is limited by his or her taste. But I think that even within one particular style, some D.J.'s could explore it more thoroughly.

AGE 25, FREELANCE HUMAN BEING

Wait a minute! We're hot shit, hard core sheep and this is the coolest bandwagon that's come along yet, 'cause we can go to a show that's preaching unity in the scene and start beating up on someone just because we're done with High School football and this is the next best thing. Besides, we've been in the "scene" for three weekds and we're skinheads now so we can act like assholes and no one can stop us because we're bigger than them. Why cater to people with attitudes similar to the above?

CLERK IN A CRUMMY STORE, LIVINGSTON, NJ

I have contributed to your fund drive over the last three years because of the variety of programming and your involvement with community services. However, your recent decision to cancel the Haitian program does a disservice to the people of the Metropolitan area. During your fund drive you had many contributors from Brooklyn as well as other parts of New York in addition to contributors from New Jersey. There are very substantial Haitian communities in Elizabeth, NJ as well as Brooklyn. I find it difficult that your programming officials cannot provide two or three hours per week to allocate to a Haitian Program in view of the total number of hours per week that WFMU is broadcasting.

STATEN ISLAND, NY.
NAME WITHHELD IN LIEU OF PERMISSION

Get some republicans on the air. Instead of interviewers who agree 100% with all their guests, generate a little controversy. Put opinion to the test rather than rubber stamp them. Young republicans vs. the liberal elite, Yuppies vs. the world, Saabs vs. Chevrolets, dogs vs. cats, get it? As far as the music goes, I listen to FMU to hear what's new, even if it stinks. How about more in the way of what's happening at the clubs?

AGE 28, $25,000-$30,000/YEAR

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W.fmu 91.1 FM

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. . . and many thanks to all the listeners who submitted material which we could not fit into this issue.

"An American child really needs that story line to help it play, and one of the ways to do that is with a radio program," said Cid Swsztrschski spokesman for wFMU News Poll dead said.

WFMU is an educational, non-commercial radio station licensed to Upsala College, operating in the interest of the college and the New Jersey-New York community at large. WFMU is funded entirely through listener contributions. Please mail all correspondence to: WFMU, Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 07019. On-Air Personnel: (201) 266-7900; Other matters: (201) 266-7901. *Lowest Common Denominator* is published by the staff of WFMU. At the present time we are planning to publish three times a year, in February, June and October. Please mail all submissions to the above address, attention LCD. Advertising rate cards are available on request.

H.E.S.
ELECTRONICS

"The radio has added thousands of words to our vocabulary, not counting those used when it's out of order"

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INDEPENDENT LABELS

As an "alternative" radio station WFMU relies very much on the informal network of independent performers, record labels, record distributors, broadcast outlets and performance spaces that struggle to offset the homogeneity of the mass market. A large majority of the new items we bring into our record library are independent releases, from the do-it-yourself one-person tapes of the R. Stevie Moore variety to the sizable and varied output of established independent labels like Rounder and Rough Trade. According to Rounder's Brad Paul, indies represent only about five percent of the overall record market. Without this five percent FMU would have little reason to exist.

I spoke with a few independent types in the past couple of weeks and thus kick off a continuing series of articles on the independent record scene.

Gerard Cosloy, former Boston fanzine fanatic, has only been in the New York area for a couple of years but in that time he's helped establish Homestead records as a leading local fringe avant-pop label. Premier east coast bands like Sonic Youth, Volcano Suns, Salem 66 and many more have all laid eggs in Homestead's nest.

Gerard got his feet wet working for Boston's Radiobeat label, where he helped put out a strong LP by the Proletariat a couple of years ago.

"That was a mutual learning thing," he says, implying that Radiobeat got something out of it too. His expertise, we suppose. "I learned about the physical processes of getting a record out - money, and that sort of thing." His coup de grace in Boston was the "Bands that Could be God" compilation released in the summer of '85, featuring a couple of the aforementioned bands as well as the Flies, Christmas, and others. One significant result of the current wave of independent releases, in the wake of the "new wave" and hardcore phenomena, has been a preponderance of compilation records sampling local scenes and stylistic trends. "Bands that Could be God", along with the Throbbing Lobster series, have helped get many lesser-known but fairly established Boston bands into national circulation.

When Homestead's original main man left for the sixties-revivalist Midnight label, Gerard was immediately recommended to take over. "They hired me right off", he says. "They said, here's the label, do what you want with it."

"It's [illegible] real cool", he says, taking note of some less pleasant experiences he's had in the past. "I'm able to do what I want. There are certain hangups and hassles. It's not always easy to turn a profit. But the label has done well."

Yes, autonomy is a wonderful thing, but virtually impossible to maintain if a project grows too large. Recognizing the fact that he may lose his ability to be involved with with every record, and his goal of offering every band a fair break in terms of promotion and production, Gerard expects Homestead to cut back its output considerably.

"We put out 35 records in '85", he says, "and we're looking to put out 24 in '86 and 12 in '87. I don't regret having put out a lot of records, but it gets to the point where I don't have the time to promote bands and put out records properly."

Homestead is more or less establishing a moratorium on bringing in new bands, and will apply all its energies to the 25 or so bands that have already released records on Homestead or are planning to in the near future. These bands, I suppose, will define the Homestead "sound". (If you leave aside Sonic Youth, something unto themselves, such a thing probably does exist, borne of Gerard's taste in music more than anything else.)

"Now that some of the bands are more established, and there's less risk for us, we can go to a band as a show of good faith and offer an advance against royalties." he explains. As a case in point Gerard mentions Salem 66's new release, which has a far more refined sound than their debut disc. Relatively speaking, of course. Which is not to say that more money spent in the studio guarantees increased interest in a band, or—if we may be economic—a greater return on one's initial cash outlay in the long run. The increased production costs of the Salem's latest record means that this essentially obscure group has to sell some 5,000 records just to break even. Meanwhile, hardcore harbingers the Meatmen spent far less money but turned a sizable profit thanks to their loyal following. Which just goes to show...

Admitting that it's rare for any indy pop record to sell more than a couple of thousand copies, Gerard proceeds to offer his breakdown of the buying public:

"We live in a country where there are about 1500 people who are really interested," he says. "They read the 'zines. Not because they want a job (in music land), just because that's what they're into. Then there's another ten to fifteen thousand who consider themselves "into" underground music (a slight underestimate? Maybe it was "fifty"). "They buy a couple of records a year, go to a couple of gigs, and spend the rest of their money on drugs." Now, to sell records, he says, "we need to crossover to those people."

By Robert Weisberg

BATTLING THE ODDS IN THE LAND OF THE GIANTS

Ah, but record biz or no record biz, the wonderful thing is that little pockets of rock and roll joy continue to thrive. "The beauty is in how fragmented the whole thing is", says Gerard. "You can go to Oregon and listen to Rancid Vat, go to Texas and hear the Hickoids... All these people from weird corners of the universe are creating really hideous sounds."

And that's what it's all about.

Massachusetts-based Rounder records is now one of the most diversified independent labels, having branched out from folk musics to the blues, reggae, rock and roll, African pop and more. Like Homestead and most independent labels, however, Rounder began as an ultrasmall project with a singular aim.

"The label started as a vehicle to get a couple of Southern Appalachian Folk Musicians' recordings on vinyl before their craft died out." explains Rounder's Brad Paul. Three college students, Harriet Leighton, Ken Irwin and Bill Nowlin were behind the project. The first person they recorded was George Peckham, an old-time banjo player.

"They had no intention of having it become a fulltime thing", says Paul. "But one thing led to another, and before you knew it they had ten records out. Now, as Rounder celebrates its fifteenth anniversary, it boasts a catalog of over five hundred titles, and has given birth to a large independent distributorship.

"In the beginning they had a hard time getting the records into stores", recalls Paul. "Distributors wouldn't pick up the records. Who are these weird hippies?, they would ask. So Rounder started its own distributorship." Rounder now distributes some 400 indy labels to points worldwide.

Nevertheless times are tough right now for indy labels, and Rounder is no exception. "It's getting harder to compete with the big labels", says Paul. "It was easier in the mid-seventies, when George Thorougood (Rounder's blue-chip rock and roller took off. Things have changed a lot. It was easier to get commercial airplay back then." The well-documented tightening of commercial radio playlists has not only made it harder to have records heard, but it's also made record dealers less likely to stock lesser-known titles. "There's no question that competing for retail space is as hard as competing for airtime", says Paul.

A new and potentially devastating challenge for indy labels is the rise of the compact disk. New Music Distribution Service's Yale Evelev anticipates that it will be several years before most indies will have the money or the access to the studio time necessary to produce compact discs. In the meantime, he forsees a major cutback of NMDS' catalog as what little retail space that remains in most stores for indies is sacrificed for compact discs. Similarly concerned is Arthur Morehead of New World Records, a label formed originally to document America's musical heritage for the bicentennial that now focuses on American art music. Compact discs are becoming particularly popular among the art music ("classical") audience. Because of a lack of compact disc capable recording studios in the U.S., however, the waiting list for studio time is tremendous and the rates prohibitively high.

Rounder, on the other hand, managed to beat the crunch by signing a licensing agreement with a group called Rykco-disc to produce compact discs, beginning with a few samplers (and a Thorougood record, of course). Paul seemed fairly confident that the compact disc boom would not severely hinder Rounder, a label whose audience is probably a bit less likely to be overwhelmed by new toys anyway. And for smaller audience labels like Homestead or the various other specialty and collector's labels, compact discs probably won't have a great deal of impact until records go the way of Jello 1-2-3 (heaven forbid).

New Music Distribution Service differs from Homestead and Rounder in that it serves only as a distributor, and focuses on the avant garde. The mission: To support the cutting edge of new music by encouraging people to produce records and be heard.

NMDS is a non-profit corporation, bent on circumventing the laws of the marketplace as much as possible in order to guarantee exposure for alternative artists.

As NMDS' Yale Evelev told me in a recent interview, "If you sent us a record that we felt was the type we wanted to carry, no matter whether we could sell any or not, we would carry it. If it's a new music record—we carry new jazz, contemporary classical music, electronic music...quite a wide range of music and if it's unusual music, we'll probably carry it." Origins of NMDS' philosophy lie in the company's beginnings. Evelev provides a capsule:

"A coalition of jazz artists comprised of Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Carla Bley, Michael Mantler, Bill Dixon and a lot of other legendary people attempted to form a group of jazz composers and musicians that would operate as a sort of union style body."

They sought representation for "the group of musicians that were performing what was the called 'the new thing'," avant garde jazz in the mid and early sixties.

It fell apart to some extent; personalities probably had a lot to do with it." Mantler and Bley, responsible for fundraising, did however manage to generate some grant money and used that to help start the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association (JCOA). "The initial purpose of JCOA," continues Evelev, "was to get grants to allow jazz composers to write for large ensembles of interesting musicians. You'd have an ensemble that would have Cecil Taylor, Pharaoh Sanders, Gato Barbieri, Sharon Friedman...an incredible amount of people were part of the Jazz Composer's Orchestra."

Unlike NMDS, performance was an integral part of every JCOA project; while the subject is periodically discussed, NMDS has so far stayed away from direct involvement in live performances due to the lack of essentials like time and money. The beginnings of NMDS stem from the fact that every JCOA project culminated with a record as well as a concert.

"They had a whole series of records on the JCOA label, the first of which was Carla Bley's own 'Escalator Over the Hill,' which featured among others John McLaughlin, Linda Ronstadt, Jack Bruce, Viva, Gato Barbieri, Pharaoh Sanders, and Steve Swallow. 'So they had this record, this boxed set with all these people on it,' say Evelev. "It had gotten rave reviews in Rolling Stone, Downbeat—but they couldn't find anyone really interested in distributing it."

Sound familiar? So began NMDS, working from an initial group of some twenty labels up to the current plethora provided for under the company's open-ended ideals.

"It started with Carla Bley and the one employee of NMDS with a whole bunch of records in the trunk of their car. They drove all across America, and they'd stop in at radio stations and talk to record stores with funny names like 'Licorice Pizza' and stuff like that."

In the early days, at NMDS' inception some fourteen years ago, funding was aided by a jazz pianist in the Rockefeller family. Unfortunately, explains Evelev, "his family had this financial consultant who was really bad and made all these really bad suggestions, and they lost all their money. So now he's pretty broke, but he's still a good friend of the organization." Nowadays grant funding is minimal, although the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts have been supportive. Evelev blames the lack of foundation support on such organizations' traditional preference for putting their name behind individual artists and concerts. "it's not glamorous to say 'we've sponsored a service organization'," he says, pointing out also that foundations tend not to understand NMDS' purpose and the validity thereof. (Much of NMDS' funding now comes in effect from the record companies and artists themselves, dependent on the

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distribution and sale of their records.)

Indeed, like so many of us who operate on the fringe, Evelev harbors a pronounced skepticism towards the commercial mainstream. He offers a disconcerting interpretation of independents' problems achieving adequate record-store exposure, and surviving in the marketplace.

"No independent can compete with the majors," he says. The industry is set up by the majors in such a way that will totally slant things towards them. Most stores in America don't have inventory systems. You go into Tower and if they're out of a Mick Jagger record and they had bought a thousand of them and there aren't any left, they won't know. This was done this way so that the major labels did not have to trust the people who work in record stores, generally for minimum wage, to see if their records were there. Usually the major labels have a string of distributorships across the country and salesmen who go to each and every store and take inventory. If they had Elliot Sharp records, they'd be able to say (to store managers) you know I've got two hundred Prince records, but let me give you fifty of these Elliot Sharp records also. They can cram records into record stores—it's really just like a mafia setup to some extent.

"Independents can't compete. You can't cram records into record stores because you can't hold out a Prince record (or some other sure-fire big seller) to them. And you're not able to get stores to pay you quickly like they have to pay a major," since the indies can't threaten to withhold the next Michael Jackson or Bruce Springsteen record. Therefore indies are slower in paying their artists, and the snowball builds. And people like NMDS and Rounder and Greenworld and Dutch East India and Wayside battle the odds to try to provide alternative distribution networks.

An implicit purpose of all independent networks in the arts is at least to create the possibility for other voices to be heard. In the case of NMDS, this is achieved by encouraging people to make records.

"I think the fact that we're here allows a lot of people to make a record," says Evelev. "Because if we weren't here, they wouldn't have anywhere to go. We're certainly not a perfect solution to everything," he adds, reiterating NMDS' inability to offer the amenities the major distributors can provide. "But we are here, we do send out a descriptive catalog to 20,000 people; people who are really interested in independent records or unusual music will have a chance of finding out about your record.

"We try to encourage people (to make records) because, to some extent, the reason for making a record is to promote what you're doing. You're not going to make any money at this level, really. What you are going to do is kind of become real in the eyes of the world. Your mother will be able to go into a store in Iowa and buy your record. And that means a lot." ●

JAZZ

The person who named marijuana "pot"
Must have known quite a lot
Of how pot affects a person,
Robbing him of his ambition
Dressed in patches, with shaggy hair
He doesn't even seem to care.

He won't obey his Mom or Pop
Nor have respect for Teacher or Cop
He thinks that he is smart enough
Not to go on to the hard stuff.
There are many other sad stories,
easy to find
Of those who've eventually
"Blown their Mind"

"It's my body, I'm not hurting anyone"
What about the person who calls you "Son"?
What hurts your body is a sin
against God, yourself, and next of kin.

"Decriminalize it" say some liberal souls
Conservative folks think they are fools
You don't help a problem go away
By telling people, "Now it's okay"
Right is right and wrong is wrong
Believe the Bible and be strong

Decent people feel frustration
When judges give "pot-heads" probation
Those who have quit
Give the credit to Bob
Only then will you know real peace,
joy and love

Gone are the days when Newark was second only to The Big Apple as being the hottest city in jazz; The Front Room, the Key Club, the Cadillac Club, Pitt's Rendezvous, Sparky J's, The Playbill are only a few names of the jazz dens from which the music of jazz greats emminated. Halsey Street was a mini-52nd Street. At the Cadillac Club you could catch James Moody and directly across the street Sonny Stitt. Some of those spontaneous Monday night tenor battles back in the late 60's and early 70's were cathartic experiences now rarely equalled. You could catch Roy Haynes on Central Av. at the Playbill, jump over to Pitt's on Market/Bergen and catch George Benson, the *jazz* guitarist; short drive to Sparky J's for Grant Green, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, or Dizzy, then across the street for Stanley Turrentine or Gene Ammons or Groove Holmes at the Key Man those were the days.

But...the good ol' days are still to be found at a jazz haunt that for years has been a haven for artists of international reknown. Woody Shaw, Eddie Gladden, 'Fathead' Newman, Benny Powell, Big Nick Nicholas, Steve Turre, Jack Onque, Houston/Etta are just a few of the people who perform regularly at 10 Main Street right here in East Orange. The place is El-C's. It's just one place to check out on an exciting weekend.

Heading down the road in the opposite direction from our studios on the West Orange, Orange border off of High Street is another superb jazz spot: Wallace's. Wallace's has been around many years, hosting notable jazz artists as saxophonists Bill Evans and Mack Goldsbury, guitarists Harry Leahy and Jimmy Ponder, and reedman Leo Johnson. Back on to Central Av. again, this time in E. Orange, the San Francisco Pub has been known to feature Pharoah Sanders, Greg Bandy, and vocalists Kathy Farmer and Cassandra Wilson.

And hey, you know what's so great about these clubs? You don't need a heavy bank roll to have the time of your life. It is the kind of scene where you can meet the artists and make some new friends. It is also a great way to support an art form purely American in its development but deserving of greater support.

Russ Layne

OSKAR RETCH'S COMIX
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HOW TO READ A COMIC STRIP
1
2
3
4
AHY SAY BRIAN, WHADJA MAKE OF THIS?
WOB GOB GOB...
RILLY FASCINAYTIN' FREDRIC! BUT GETTA LOAD O' THIS!
HOMINA-HOMINA-HOMINA...
HI! I'M BRAIN
NOTICE, IN THIS CASE, HOW PERCEPTUAL RECOGNITION IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON MY CONTINUED TWO-DIMENSIONAL MODULARITY... IN RELATIONSHIP TO... ...IN TERMS OF...
HI! I'M WALT
EAT ME
ooochh, lookit the moon...
well my goodness gracious!
Great God in Heaven...! amen.
yeah, but see...?
AIN'T LIFE BIZARRE?
DAMN STRAIGHT, PAL!
STEVE DOVAS

The Hound's Guide to Buying Re-issues

Hey Kids, wanna hear Jerry Lee Lewis tell Sam Phillips that he's been possessed by the devil? Rare Louis Jordan radio Transcriptions? Little Richard teaching his band how to play "She Knows How To Rock"? These wonders and many others are all out there, because never before in history has so much bygone popular American music* been available through those new fangled packages called re-issues. Yes, what was once last week's disposable crap can today serve as an alternative to Bruce Springsteen, or better yet, simply enjoyed as some truly fine music. So how does one weed his way through 13,567re-issues of blues, country, western swing, gospel, rockabilly, doo-wop, etc. etc.? Like all things in this man's world, it ain't easy, but with these few helpful hints I will at least try to demystify the situation.

* I refuse to use the inane term "roots music". Roots of what? Madonna? Culture Club?

1) DON'T BOTHER READING: I mean anything by that breed of lowlife known as the 'rock critic'. For most rock critics, music begins with the Beatles, or the New York Dolls. These twerps are the same guys you slapped upside the head for their lunch money in junior high school and they haven't gotten anymore likable with age. This is why we are presented time after time with a totally bizarre, over-simplified and totally revisionist view of the past palmed off as "the history of rock'n'roll". Rock critics are simply an unpaid wing of the record company promotion world whose job it is to shove themyth of 'newness' down your throats. If you must read, stick to books by Nick Tosches and Peter Guerlnick, and Kicks magazine.

2) IT'S ALL THE SAME SHIT: Music is music, so don't get hung up on tags and categories hung on sound like it was God's own packaging label. A great song is a great song, a great voice is a great voice. Almost any genre is made up of 90% crap, so the good stuff is hard to find. You don't have to like it all...and remember - you read it here first.

3) AVOID RECORD COLLECTORS: There is a distinct difference between a music lover and a record collector (one who feels he must own a piece of plastic due to its rarity). The latter are truly a frightening bunch, usually overweight, badly dressed and foul smelling. Take it from me, you don't want to spend much time around these dregs.

4) FOREIGNERS HAVE FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT AMERICAN CULTURE: Most re-issues of American music come from other countries, especially England, France and Japan, with Germany, Holland and Sweden in close pursuit. Don't ask me why. These people filter the experiences of drunk preachers and inbred hillbillies through their own backgrounds (i.e. wearing knickers to school) and come up with some truly odd insights into out own culture. Don't take it too seriously.

5) GOOD SONGS HAVE GOOD TITLES: When looking at an album of music you know nothing about, song titles can help, for example—"She's My Witch", "I'm Gonna Murder My Baby", "Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut" and "Evil" are all good song titles, and they are all great songs. "I Got The Blues", "Let's Bop", and "I Love You Baby" are less interesting titles, and the performances are much less inspired.

6) ALL RECORD COMPANIES ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL: Many record companies (labels) had what you call a sound, a tradition that has all but died off. Sun and Phillips were both good labels, with very different sounds. This may take a while to figure out, but if you're interested, some of my favorite labels are: Chess, Sun, Ace, Savoy, Fortune, Trumpet, Modern/RPM, Atlantic, Specialty, King/Federal, Bullet, Excello, Duke/Peacock and Capitol.

7) ETHNOMUSICOLOGY FOR MORONS: Places with a higher murder or insanity rate usually produced a lot of good music, Memphis and Detroit being two fine examples. Same goes for places with a lot of drunks, like New Orleans and Texas. Eventually you may learn to recognize what gentlemen with beards call "regional styles". For example, black guitar players from Memphis played too loud through broken speakers, this was good. Drummers from New Orleans were usually drunk and fucked up, so if they couldn't find the beat they'd just play a march and call it "second line". Blacks and Italians in New York sang harmony in nonsense syllables, this is called "doo-wop".

You're on your own in this big and funny world, and nobody can tell you what you like. It helps to have friends who think like you, so you can all buy different records and figure out which ones are good and which ones stink. If you can't make friends, try to have lots of money and just buy everything. If you have lots of friends and buy everything this is called the "Billy Miller Method". And someday, God willing, you'll figure out where to find the stuff you really want to hear.

-James Marshall

Radio Hound figures it out for WFMU on Saturday afternoons.

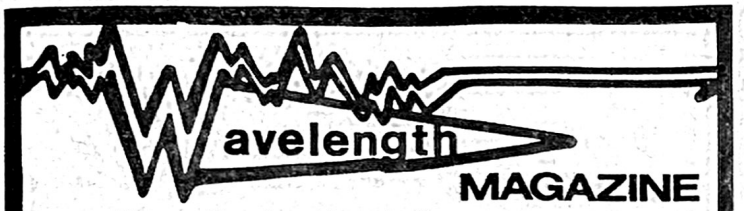
Inert brick of reddened stone.
Writing on the walls
of he who bites the bone.
Animals of the jungle
thru the halls they roam
yelling
screaming
this is their home.
Clanging of thin metal doors
no crowbars needed.
Sea gulls flying inland
in search of garbage.
They are here
along with pigeons
violating the air space
with white goo.

Mike Selender

BY THE HALLS OF BABYLON OUT OF THE SKY

Sister Krys played a track from the Beach Boys' 1967 album *Smiley Smile* late one Monday night. The phone rang. It was some Politically Correct listener who called to Krys' attention that the Beach Boys had played Sun City, and that Mike Love had donated $500,000 to the Parents' Music Resource Center, the anti-smut-in-music lobby (considered by many a pro-censorship task force). "Have you no conscience?" the listener remonstrated. He was indignant. WFMU D.J.'s should know better. He's right. As upholders of moral virtues far beyond the capacities of mere listeners, WFMU broadcasters should set examples. We are taking a stand. Listen up, you puddleful of stinking microbes. Both Dave Brubeck and Benny Goodman have performed in the Soviet Union, the world's pre-eminent totalitarian society. *WE REFUSE* to play either of these Scabs of Oppressionon our programs, until they apologize or put together an all-star jazz super-session to benefit the Third World. Johnny Cash has played at Folsom Prison. At this notorious institution, inmantes are forced to sleep in cells behind bars, and undergo severe "rehabilitation" programs. The food is inedible. The population is subjected to capricious strip searches. *WE REFUSE* to play any Johnny Cash records until all political and non-political prisoners are *FREE!* Cash is a shameless lackey for an unfair and brutal penal system that *OPPRESSES HUMAN DIGNITY.* We're doing some research on other artists who receive airplay on WFMU. We intend to compile dossiers, and accumulate computer data on the conduct, financial contributions and political affiliations of as many artists as we can in our copious free time. There will hopefully come a day when the only artists featured on WFMU will be those approved by the ACLU, NAACP, NOW, the Mobilization for Survival, the Union of Concerned Scientists, the NJTO and the Sierra Club. If we have any doubts, we can always check with Dave Marsh, who seems to know more about these matters than any of us.

—Irwin Chusid



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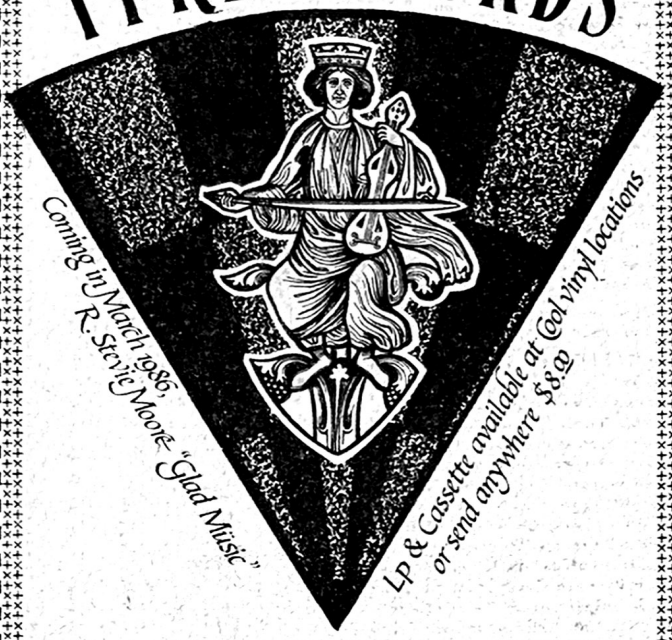

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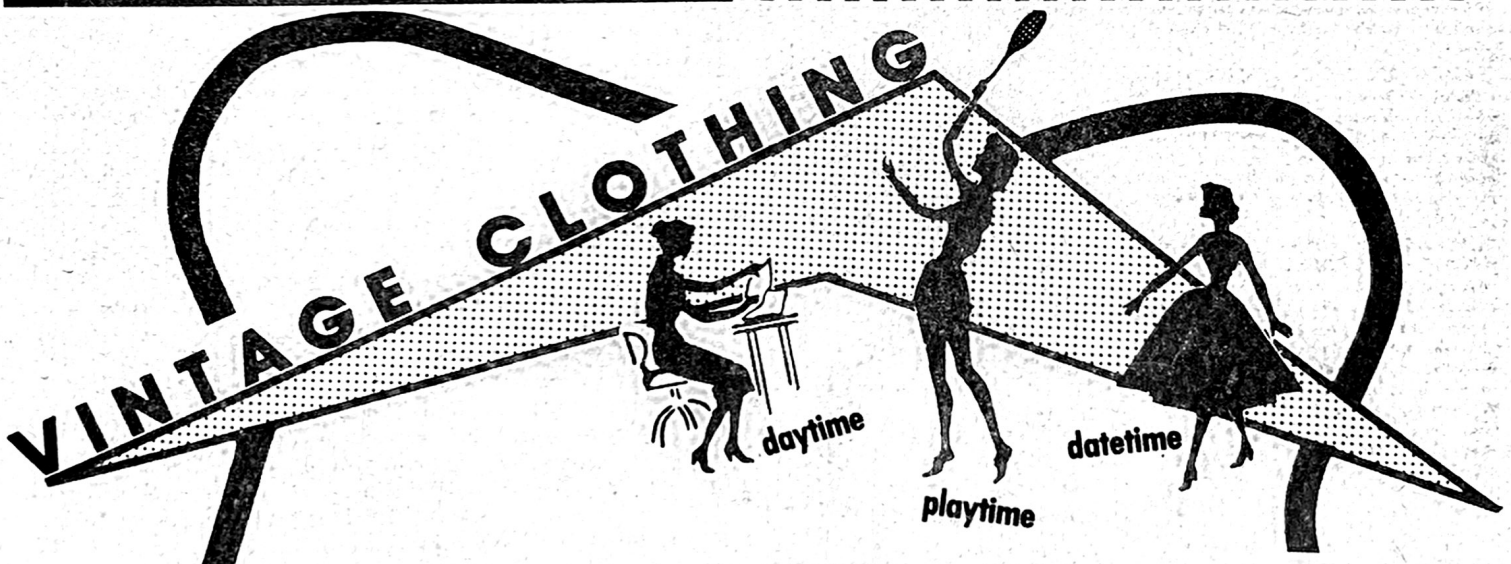

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A.M.	MONDAY	TUESDAY	
6:30	6:30-9 a.m. THE UPSALA COLLEGE HEBREW-JEWISH PROGRAM With host Nachum Siegel. Mitzvahs on the spot for p		
9:00	9-1 JOSH FREEMAN International and 20th Century music presented in a non-sterile environment.	9-11 KBC Picks up where Dr. Demento left off. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. (Also Sundays at 5 p.m.)	9-1 RAY FRANKS Traditional to avant funk. Also Saturday midnight.
10:00			9-11 STEVE Birds ch through texture the ho
11:00		11-3 YER OLD PAL IRWIN Free-Form in extremis. Humor; satire; scratchy 78's; female singers; kiddie records; home recordings; 50's & 60's TOP 40; 40's & 50's R&B; calypso; Atrocious music; obscurities and novelties of every stripe. (Also Thursdays at 9 p.m.)	11-1 "Hey! brush,
12 Noon			
1:00	1-5 TO BE ANNOUNCED		1-4 JIM PRICE offers bird seed in closed casket con handshakes in the mailbox of the listener's mind. tainers and exploding
2:00			1 - 4 W Upbeat the wor from a
3:00		3-6 MARGARET HARRIS Audacious yet dulcet. Bold yet restrained. A strange heady perfume that will tickle your innards or make your head ache. Care for a whiff?	
4:00			4-6 RU Jazz c Occas and per
5:00	5-6 SOLAR SANITY The Earth, and related issues, hosted by John Downey. Alternates with: HIGHWAYS TO HEALTH AND WHOLENESS Nutritional issues with Professor Carolyn Thorburn		4-6 THE HOUR OF THE DUCK With Lou.
6:00	6-9 SYNTHETIC PLEASURE The metropolitan area's only radio program dedicated to independently produced electronic music. Hosted by Richard.	6-6:30 LES BLANK FILM HOUR The audio portion of Les Blank's film documentaries on regional American music.	6-7 NEW JERSEY FIGHTBACK Issues involved in making New Jersey and the world a better place to live.
7:00		6:30-9 TERRY MOORE Political Music & Other Stuff—topical tunes from a number of genres. Songs of struggle, prison, work, human liberation, unity and a better world. News clippings, occasional guests and commentary. Alternates with: SONNY OCHS Folk Music & Other Stuff—a potpourri of folk, covering traditional, bluegrass, political protest, new artists, and other stuff.	7-9:30 BOB BRAINEN Just the facts, Ma'am: Some R&B, soul, jazz, girl groups, New Orleans stuff and lots of 60's pop.
8:00			
9:00	9 Midnight VAL SEBASTIANO "Elizabethan poetry and contemporary pop run at different speeds and dictate different vocal approaches."	KEN FREEDMAN 9 Midnight Grand mistakes in sound and psychology.	9:30-Midnight FRANK O'TOOLE A scenario: open with a little girl singing of bamboo trees. You slip on an unseen banana peel and we freeze frame with you in midair. Do not to worry. In the next two and a half hours, I somehow catch your fall, and you pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and go on to the next program.
10:00			
11:00			
12 Midnight	Midnight, 12:30 CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS Radio free slack continues in a new slot with the same message: Live Bob. Get Bob. Be Bob.	AFTER Midnight-3 BILL BERGER Lesser known longhair music. Drug influenced jazz, rock and experimental music from the mid sixties to present.	Midnight-3 DIANE FARRIS My mother sent my younger sister to private school after she realized how I turned out.
3:00	12:30-3 SISTER KRYS Kinetic-Rhythmic-Yogui-Seer your sister, chilling out on Monday nights. Why don't they stay at home, Mamma?!		

Keep That Pretty Smile
YOUR APPOINTMENT
NAME Frank Chusid
DATE Mon. Nov. 21
TIME 1:30 p.m.
SHOULD IT NECESSARY TO CHANGE
Strausberg-Chusid
762-8242

Bowling ball killer
A woman was convicted of killing her friend by repeatedly dropping a bowling ball on his head as he lay on the floor watching television, in Brooklyn, Ind., a town in Blooming Diane Fa found 25-year-old man guilty of voluntary slaughter in the death of Ste phen Detmer, 27, who owned a bowling supply company.

RSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
ople on the go.			
ONDERSHINE Wind blows chime. Rampant unning free through tub of your mind.	9-11 KEN FREEDMAN Honesty in broadcasting.	7-Noon THE DAVID & GOLIATH SHOW Radical Christian rock and contemporary ministry, including interviews and live performances. Hosted by George Flores.	8-11 REGGAE SCHOOLROOM With host Jeff Sarge. A hobby evolving into a reality. Covering the entire scope of Reggae music. Just listen and learn. Jah know.
VONNE BAAB ve me back me painting!"	11-1 ACCENT ON PERCUSSION With Montego Joe — A look at percussive instruments such as the congas, bongos, timbalis, and the role they play in traditional, experimental and contemporary music.	Noon-3 BETH MURPHY Coming soon on Happy Idiocy in the year of the tiger: Hawaiian, Celtic, Gospel, Acoustic and live Russian choral music.	11-2 PATRICK SMITH SHOW A unique blend of West Indian music, including lover's rock, calypso, soca, danceable reggae and culture. Time wasted can never be regained.
STED VINYL usic from around and offbeat guests nd the turnpike.	1-4 KAZ Eclectic with an anvil.	3-6 RADIO HOUND Vintage R&B, rock & roll, gospel, hillbilly, etc. "The men don't know but the little girls understand."	2-5 BILL KELLY Playing RRRreal Rock & Roll here in my teenage wasteland. Lots of 60's garage.
LAYNE ith a splattering of oso and salsa. nal live interviews rmances.	4-6 JEFF CLAUS Mixture of music ranging from New Order to Tchaikowsky to Windham Hill with frequent excursions into synthesized and acoustic keyboards.		5-6 KBC RADIO See Tuesday 9 a.m.
WATTS LECTURE SERIES ow in a series of lectures oadcast on WFMU.	6-6:30 LOW-FI Technical primitivism coupled with creative wave making, even brilliance. Music, spoken word, etc. All 'Home-Tape' artists. Hosted by Bill Berger.		
DUNCAN dead—Long live 00 songs in two hours. 1-2-3-4!	6:30-9 BILL BERGER Plastic teen idol. Frequent tribal sessions with guest acid casualties. Also live on-air speedpainting. Love to all you sporty little faces, really.	6-9 LAURIE MADAGASCAR MUMBLETY-PEG. MAKIN' MY MOVE ON A HIGH PRICE FEZ !!!	6-8 JIM PANSULLA Jazz, classical, show tunes and American standards.
			8-9 (YOU'VE GOT TO BE) MODERNISTIC Professor Arwulf Arwulf takes you through the back- roads of the 20th century.
9-Midnight D PAL NYN Chusid of the Air	9-Midnight VANILLA BEAN Rough n Randy Larry n Mookie Champagne for real friends real pain for sham friends rag news live muse "The Phantom" radio for B-movie lives at 9:30. N it still stinks.	9-Midnight DRUNKEN BRAWL MUSIC	9-Midnight KEVIN REED An informal survey of Black classical music with emphasis on jazz, R&B and gospel.
OB RIXON up front, old on-classical confessions, music. The wd is a ace.	Midnight-3 PAUL CAVANAGH Not just hardcore.	Midnight-3 RAY FRANKS See Wednesday 9 a.m.	Midnight-12:10 STAR WATCH Who's who and what's what up above, with Steve Cates.
	3-7 MOUNTAIN GROWN Let thine soul be touched by the art of WFMU's altar boy as he alters the course of humanoid events and comingles with the angels of Rockefeller Center.		12:10-3 VARTKES A weekend conclusion selected especially for you. Honestly, no salesman will call.

FOLGER

A.M. 6:30 • 9:00 • 10:00 • 11:00 • 12 Noon • 1:00 • 2:00 • 3:00 • 4:00 • 5:00 • 6:00 • 7:00 • 8:00 • 9:00 • 10:00 • 11:00 • 12 Midnight • 3:00

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MONDAY

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International and 20th Century music presented in a non-sterile environment.

1-5 TO BE ANNOUNCED

5-6 SOLAR SANITY The family and related issues, hosted by Jake Dorsey. Alternates with: HIGHWAYS TO HEALTH AND WHOLENESS Nutritional issues with Professor Carolyn Thorburn

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TUESDAY

9-11 KBC

Picks up where Dr. Demento left off. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. (Also Sundays at 5 p.m.)

11-3 YER OLD PAL IRWIN

Free-Form in extremis. Humor, satire, schlocky female singers, kiddie records, home recordings, 50's & 60's TOP 40, 40's & 50's R&B, calypso, Afrocious music, Sabacrunches and novelties on the stripe. (Also Thursdays at 9 p.m.)

Keen That Pretty Smile
YOUR APPOINTMENT
NAME Everything Music
DATE MAY 31
TIME 5:00 P.M.
Sausalito-Chusid

3-6 MARGARET HARRIS

Audacious yet dulcet. Bold yet restrained. A strange, heady perfume that will tickle your tonsils or make your head ache. Gate for a whiff!

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KEN FREEMAN 9 Midnight

Grand mistakes in sound and psychology.

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Lesser known jonghair music. Drug rehabilitated jazz, table top rock, mother music from the mid sixties to present.

WEDNESDAY

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1-4 JIM PRICE offers bird seed in closed casket conc handshakes in the mailbox of the hopeless s mind.

4-6 With Lou

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Bowling ball killer

A woman was convicted of killing a friend by rolling a bowling ball down the hallway of her 25-year-old home in Bellmore, N.Y. Prosecutors said she was the leader of a group of voluntary manslaughter in the death of Stephen Detmer, 22, who owned a bowling supply company.

Midnight-3 DIANE FARRIS

My friend see, younger sister at private school after she realized how I turned out.

THURSDAY

9-11 STEVE DONDERSHINE

Birds chirp. Wind blows through chime. Rampant texture running free through the hot tub of your mind.

11-1 YVONNE BAAB

"Hey! Give me back me brush! I'm painting!"

1-4 WYSTED VINYL

Upbeat music from around the world and offbeat guests from around the turnpike.

4-6 RUSS LAYNE

Jazz with a splattering of calypso and salsa. Occasional live interviews and performances.

6-6:30 ALAN WATTS LECTURE SERIES NOTHING IS IMPORTANT never before broadcast on WFMU.

6:30-9 PAT DUNCAN

Hardcore & dead. Long live hardcore. 100 songs in two and a half hours. 1-2-3-4!

9-Midnight OLD PAL IRWIN

Afrocious Music Chusid
The Life Preserver of the Air

Midnight-3 BOB RIXON

Spoken word up front, old new thing, non-classical classical, life confessions, love Gospel music. The edge of a loved is a dangerous place.

FRIDAY

Honesty in broadcasting. SEEN KEN FREEMAN 9-11

11-1 ACCENT ON PERCUSSION With Montego Joe—A look at percussive instruments such as the congas, bongos, timbalis, and the role they play in traditional, experimental and contemporary music.

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Let mine can be touched by the art of WFMU staffer boy as he offers the course of humanoid events and comingles with the angels of Rockefeller Center.

FOLGER

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Radical Christian rock and contemporary ministry, including interviews and live performances. Hosted by George Flores.

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Coming soon on Happy Idiocy in the year of the tiger: Hawaiian, Celtic, Gospel, Acoustic and live Russian choral music.

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Vintage R&B, rock & roll, gospel, hillbilly, etc. The men don't know but the little girls understand.

LAURIE MADAGASCAR RUMBLETY-PEG, MAKING MOVE ON A HIGH PRICE

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With host Jah Sarge. A hobby evolving into a reality. Covering the entire scope of Reggae music. Just listen and learn, Jah Know.

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A unique blend of West Indian music including lover's rock, calypso, soca, danceable reggae and culture. Time wasted can never be regained.

2-5 BILL KELLY

Playing the roots of Rock & Roll. Rockabilly, surf, garage, here in my teenage wasteland. Laissez-fait garage.

THE BRAIN MUST DIE

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6-8 JIM PANSILLA

Jazz classical, show tunes and American standards.

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9-Midnight KEVIN REED

An informal survey of Black classical music, with emphasis on jazz, R&B and gospel.

Midnight-12:10 STAR WATCH Where, when and what's what happening, with Steve Cates.

12:10-3 VARTKES

A week and confusion selected especially for you. Mysteriously, he appears with Zaki.

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MAKE iT ECLIPSE AGAIN..... AND AGain.

WHY DO I KEEP FINDING MYSELF IN THE PARK?

Late again! Lost on my way to the radio station, searching for the inspirational beacon of excuse. A safety net in an ocean of explanatory plankton. In short, a fish story. As luck would have it; I spot a dull queue lined up in a city-run, public park. An oasis of dogshit and nicket deposits surrounded by uprooted streets and abandoned buildings. The humans are abandoned also, a lifetime of concern etched into their middle brows, carved with faithless suspicions and loss of trust. Shells, walking test tubes, living for the next best thang.

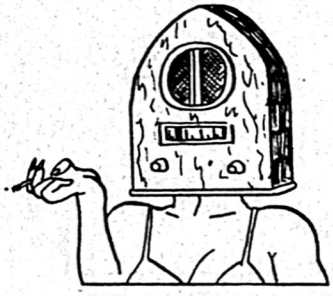
"I got hot," "I got cold," "Who needs works?" "What's open?" "Scarface." "Yeah, but is it good?" "Poison was a smoker yesterday." "Nova, Nova, opening up in ten minutes." Yesterday they were all smokers, today they are all novas. Streaking with a blue-tail flame thru their alloted four score in seven years ago, or less. The kind of people Kerouac loved but in reverse. They only burn for themselves. In the process, they burn others, along with every bridge they ever crossed. Rootless by nature, ruthless by force, a new friend who needs is a friend in deed, thought, and action. If a ten-dollar bill decreased in value by a dime every time it changed hands in the park, it would be worth a thumbnail full of quinine by the time it stopped. Which is, incidentally, what you get most of the time; other times it's nothing but barbituates and talcum. "Hey, man, this dude I know tried to get into a program in New Jersey, and they gave him a physical, but they wouldn't accept him because he had no heroin in his system," said a sallow looking gentleman with pierced cheeks whose skin hung on his bones like a hip new wave top-coat bought by some suburban trendy. Nuff sed, I walked out of the park.

So I went looking for an Indian reservation, cause I remember the Temptations telling me in a crystal blue ball of confusi-persuasion that it was the only safe place to live. Next I went home to check my Nynex but my kid sister was using it to hold up her Don Johnson scrapbook, which was holding up my cousins' Cyborg, the castle of the transformers, which was wedged underneath a pair of plastic bongos upon which was perched my sister, one foot on each bongo. With her hand over one eye, Gringo style, preventing the common eye affliction known as crime-proof fireman-proof safetybar double vision, she had witnessed at the onset of P.M. a single image of Sheila E. kissing Axel F. on Avenue A for MTV. Back to the reservation, I knew if it was a place where they wanted the people inside to believe they were special, there had to be a gate. And I knew the Indians, when they thought they were getting over on the deal from Manhattan Island, were taught by white men to say 'great'. After they realized their mistake, they were known to say 'Oh . . .'. Using Chico-Harpo logic, I put these words together. Gate-o, great-o, gaeto, grheto, ghetto.

Now I know, the eye-talian Spanish of my heritage called it the Grotto, the Scandinavians called it the Hansel and Gretel, the Jews called it "a lit'l east of Park Ave." So it wasn't until we found out that Bill Bojangles Robinson, could sell escalators to Jackie Robinson, or a time share on a cabin in the sky for many large benjamins to Aretha, while feeding them on Wynonies stolen rockenberries or Pinetop's chicken fried hound dogs from a cook named Sam, chasing it with a James Brown Shake and Stirred Sly Stone Swizzle Stick, only then were we able to accept the word ghetto, and live with the guilt-oh. That's about as close as I get to an Indian reservation in this area. Today's lesson, poverty by design, or 'operation needlepoint.'

Excuse complete, I ran into Rosie Grier, and that's why I'm late for my show.

—VANILLA BEAN



HOW TO PICK UP *Wfmu*

As we stroll merrily through the industrial splendor of the tri-state area, it is comforting to know that, lurking somewhere in this fluorescent melange of an atmosphere are the radio waves of WFMU. Somewhere... But how do we get them into our radios and out our speakers? With listeners from Connecticut to Pennsylvania, it's safe to assume that WFMU is out there in some capacity. It's just a matter of pulling us in.

To begin with, if you are more than 15 miles from East Orange, a clock radio simply will not do. Nor will a walkman, or a blaster, or a transistor radio. The best way to pick the station up is to use a stereo tuner with a dipole antenna. These are the T-shaped plastic devices which attach to the back of your tuner or receiver. One can be purchased at any stereo shop for a few dollars. Once you have your dipole in place, try any position that works. Higher and straighter is not necessarily better. Cram it up into a wad, if need be. The most important rule is: if it ain't broke, don't fix it. If you're picking us up on a walkman in Maine, great! Don't mess with it. If you aren't sure you've found the station, give us a call so you can verify what we're broadcasting at that moment.

All this is necessary for a variety of reasons. WFMU owes its large radius more to a well-situated transmitter than to a powerful one. Believe it or not, the New York area is as hideous electrically as it is chemically and philosophically, and it does strange things to radio signals. So if you thought that the only peaks and valleys WFMU had were in its programming, you're wrong. Our equipment is such that we have an unfocused signal, resulting in a veritable checkerboard of good and bad areas of reception. But with an antenna on your wall (or ceiling, or floor) and a mono switch to cut out the static, you'll probably be able to pick us up fine.

If you're still having problems, you may want to buy a directional antenna, such as a YAGI. Radio Shacks and some stereo stores carry them, and can give you more information on how to hook them up. More extreme devices are on the market as well, such as amplified and parabolic antennas, which could pluck WFMU's signal out of a can of petrified refried beans (where it would be most appreciated).

Climate also plays an important role, with overcast, humid days generally providing the best conditions for reception. But given a fanatical devotion to clock radios and an unending string of crisp, sunny days, you still have one option open to you: move!

—KF

If you have any more questions about reception, feel free to write or call the Station Manager.

SUCKING IN THE 80's

IS COLLEGE RADIO BECOMING A MARKETING ARM OF THE MAJOR LABELS?

MYKEL BOARD

College radio stinks. Of course, almost all radio stinks in 1986, but commercial radio is supposed to stink. More and more, college radio resembles that part of the dial to which it is supposedly an alternative. The College Music Journal Report on "New Music" has 24 of its top 40 albums on major labels. Of the ones that aren't on major labels, we've got 'obscure' groups like Husker Du (coming soon on Warner Bros.), Hoodoo Gurus (already signed to a major), and a whole bunch of trendy English bands who have major label haircuts if not contracts.

More than half of the top twenty college records are also on the top twenty commercial list. If you take out the hardcore or nearly hardcore records, like THE DAMNED or THE DEAD KENNEDYS, the lists are almost identical (Simple Minds, Cure, Alarm, Clash, INXS, etc.).

Just because college radio plays the same stuff as commercial radio, does that mean it's bad? You bet it does. Commercial radio gets big bucks from sponsors to give people lowest common denominator crap. Commercial DJs get big bucks and lots of cocaine to push the major labels and push out the indies. As for college stations, what's their excuse?

The only source of exposing people to different kinds of music is college radio. That's it's job. It exists to let people hear new and "weird" styles, thoughts and ideas. That also, by the way, is a good chunk of the reason why colleges themselves exist—or at least should exist.

Ah, but today times change. 1986 college is like Air Conditioner Repair School. It teaches you how to get a job, have enough money to buy a Trans Am and eat at yuppie bars. By extension college radio exists to teach you how to be a boring disc jockey (or even worse, a boring music director) on a boring commercial station getting lot's of drugs and passes from the promotions department.

Yes, there are exceptions. WFMU is one. WCSB in Cleveland and WSIA in Staten Island are others. In Olympia, Washington, KAOS has a rule that DJs have to play 85% independent records. I'd say the percentage is a bit low, but it'll do. Of course there should be exceptions to all rules, like theme or concept shows where all songs are about something specific. How could you have a show about stupidity, for example, without playing Wham?

Bitch and moan, but what do we do about it? Since college radio responds to the college administration and not the public, we are helpless, right? We would be—if we played fair.

Okay, here's the plan of attack: Every time your local college station plays any of the crap that you can hear on every other station, call up a local pizza place and have them deliver a pizza—with anchovies—to the music director's house.

When the local pizza place gets wise, call up those places that deliver COD on the late night ads, you know the bamboo steamer, the ginsu knives, the adjustable beds. Send an anonymous letter to the station telling them why you're doing it. You might want to get your friends to help.

You might also try calling up whenever they take phone calls on the air. It's best to do it with a pal and alternate good-cop, bad-cop; one person calling up and making the wildest threats imaginable and the other being sweet and reasonable asking that they play "alternative" music.

A variation: act or actually be drunk, obscene and obnoxious and request the worst of the top forty crap. Tell them that you love The Eurythmics and like to manipulate your sexual organs whenever you hear them. Demand they play more and promise them you'll send them your used underwear if they do.

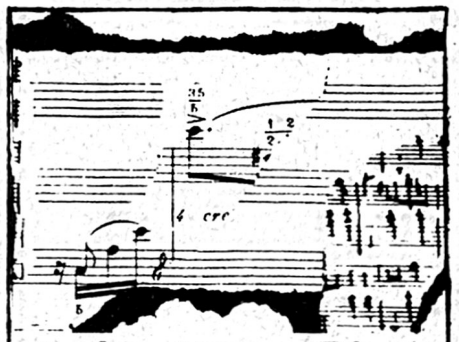
The time for playing fair has passed. This is war! We've complained for your years and things have only gotten worse. It's time to take action.

Today FM, tomorrow the world!.

BOB RIXON

POSTCARDS IN THE GARDEN

American Cyanamid pesticide
leaks into the coldest air
of the century,
leaving a trail of vomit
from Staten Island to Queens.
"I put it on my tomatoes," to quote the company spokesman.



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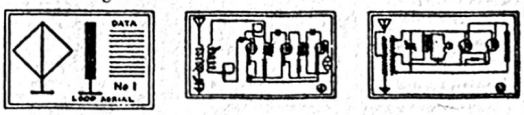
WFMU PREENT:

"All My Children"

a 60-minute cassette featuring over a dozen recordings by individual WFMU staff members.

Produced by Jim Price for the creative fun of it and as an extension of WFMU's penchant for self-indulgence, this cassette is for sale to listeners and less adventurous souls. COST: $7.00 postpaid. Proceeds do not benefit starving Africans or the imperiled American farmer. All receipts support WFMU, which neither grows crops nor hungers for them, but rather serves the vegetable community by encouraging indolent listening habits.



Send check or money order, made out to "WFMU - Upsala College" to:

WFMU -
"All My Children:
Upsala College
East Orange, NJ 07019

THIS DAZZLING ARRAY OF AWESOME TALENT INCLUDES:

Bill Berger
Sister Krys
R. Stevie Moore
The Irwin Sisters
Bob Rixon
Ken Freedman
Steve Dondershine
George Flores
T.K. Folger
Raymond Franks
Frank O'Toole
Bob Brainen
The Vanilla Bean
Jim Price
Children in Adult Jails
Terry Moore
Jim Pansulla

Richard Grazide

The Man Who Gave Fig Leaf Away

a Conversation *transcribed*
by Tk Beachcomber

I can still hear that shrill voice of his, screeching "get your act together!"—Screeching was a habit of his. He could be suave with a lady, but when he was alone with Artemis, Exx and Peacock, they were Fig Leaf, he was just an adjunct. So I guess his way of domineering was just a natural reaction. But Sherman Boozer was a visionary; he thought big, his delusions were overwhelming, he hallucinated regularly, and through his psychic powers he glimpsed the fortunes that were to be reaped. Shermie was a catalyst—so what's wrong with that? If a person knows instinctively how things should be done, shouldn't he take it upon himself to straighten things out?

Shermie was a perfectionist—which I guess was why he was so attracted to Fig Leaf in the first place. They were so damn imperfect, he just couldnt ignore them. Maybe he should have ignored them though, because now he'll always be known as The Man Who Gave Fig Leaf Away. Still, like they say, it's better to have loved and lost than to never have ha ha ha ha ha!—I'm sorry, that's cruel. But cruelty aint nothin' I never got from him. He called me a slut, a third-rate whore, the creep! I may have been a whore, but I was what they call "a hooker with a heart of gold", pure and victimized. And I gave Shermie the most fertile years of my life!—the ingrate.

Things've sure changed since I was on the scene. In those days, if Exx or Peacock stepped outside the door, there'd be kids throwing rotten eggs and tomatoes at them, for the racket they made. But when people talk about Fig Leaf these days, you'd think they were talking about Princess Grace. Alas, how cruel the world can be, lavishing such praise on those vulgar sods while forsaking the man who virtually *created* Fig Leaf! Sherman molded them like a sculptor, he spoon-fed them, he toilet-trained them, he whipped them into submission! Yeah, he domesticated those delinquents, those ruffians, only to be rolled into a ball, maulted between their jaws and then spat out, spat out right into the cuspidor.

After God made Shermie, the mold broke, so you know, he's unique. An individual. And what ideas! He had Fig Leaf's career mapped out before they

even met each other. He'd tell me, "I look at my hairy palm, and through the hair I see my lifeline laid before me as if it were a map. A map of the road to stardom; final destination, The Gates of Fred!" Then he would let out a sinister chuckle, which was really more like a grunt. Whenever he made that sound, you could be sure his gears were churning, round and round, as he planned his next moves. . . He was a chess player, ya know? And to him, Artemis, Peacock and Exx werent much more than expendable pawns in the larger game. Who knows what he was shooting for? We might never know, cause his memory's kaput, mixed together with schizoid delusions and wet fantasies.

I still remember the first day I sat in with Shermie and the boys. They were rehearsing in some East Orange wine cellar, making lots of noise, they were all wasted and tripping and high. But not Sherman. He was a responsible leader, wouldnt allow himself to set a bad example for them. Dont forget, he was old enough to be their brother. Yeah, and me, I was on hire for the night. I didnt know what to expect, figured just another night of low johns and posing. But when I walked in, me & Shermie exchanged glances and I just melted. I knew it was love. He hypnotized me. I dropped to my knees and searched for a fly to unzip. I closed my eyes and felt a long cylindrical object part my lips. What freaked me was it was made of metal! Shermie, it turns out, didnt have a tool; somehow, he had gotten it removed, and surgically replaced it with a pipe. A really odd personal style, he had. Daily, scoring opium for the boys, and paying for it himself, but in order for them to get off, they'd have to put their heads between his legs and smoke from this man-shaped pipe. He thrived on psyching them out. . .

It got to the point where they would do a live show in some degenerate club, lowlifes would come to see Fig Leaf, real bums. If the guys played the wrong kind of music at the wrong time—which was often enough—there would be some scuffling on the dance floor. Sherman didnt go for this at all. He was their manager, and he knew how much trouble the bunch of them could get into just for having that big bong with pirahnas in the water, never mind the rubber booties and everything else. So Shermie was terrrified of the flatfoots. His brother Tab had been in the hooze-gow, and Tab would spin some gruesome tales about jail life. Shermie was so hung up about it all that he insisted on having a bigger say in what they did onstage. They called it a Line-Item Veto, where any time Sherman heard anything objectionable going on, he could just stick a cassette in to drown them out, and they'd have to stop. There were a few nights in Detroit when Fig Leaf retaliated by cranking their amps louder. Of course Sherman couldnt be beaten, so it got to be a contest. Peacock and Exx went out and bought these gigantic new amplifiers to prepare for the next few nights. By the end of the week, a hundred and forty-three people went deaf in Detroit.

Old Shermie was traumatized when the three of them finally ganged up on him. They removed that pipe of his, and then stuck it back, but not in the same place. Things were never the same. Shermie couldnt be left alone, because he was always trying to lick himself. Pitiful sight. Pretty soon he was hooked on Demerol, living in Baltimore with Johhny Thunders and Divine. I got married to an accountant and lost touch with him.

Then last summer I was in Irvington, visiting the old neighborhood, when I'm walking down Springfield Avenue, I catch a glimpse of this strange fella sitting in a storefront behind the plate glass shopwindow, and on the glass it says "Futures revealed, Cards and palms read, Madame Sherrie—Knows All, Tells All." And there's Sherman Boozer, with big tits, a bouffant hair-do, in a gaudy rag of a dress, with five o'clock shadow. The door was open, and I whiffed a weird scent, like apricot incense mixed with some serious body odor. It was a stench that hit me like a baseball bat, and combined with the shock of seeing Shermie I couldnt help but be knocked back a few steps. Once I caught my balance I just stood there, staring. He, I mean she, or whatever, didnt seem to recognize me. It was really strange, the look in his eye; blank, kind of. Then his face got real mean, and he screamed in a falsetto voice, "Get your act together honey!"—and let out a sinister chuckle, which was really more like a grunt. I went in and had my palm read.

O

THE PRODIGY

In the beginning
he had his tricks
he made friends
with the bats
in his attic
driving them
to the importance
in himself

As he grew
he arranged his jokes
around those
who would understand him
and from his home
in the hills
he learned the value
of rolling coins
down into the village
and watching them disappear

Being a natural hunter
he found his greatest pleasure
bringing home
the most curious surprises
and when he married
he and his wife
would often stay up late
collaborating on ghost stories

As they grew old
they would run
about the house
naked
with photos taped
all over their bodies
creating a whirlpool
in which thoughts
of the perfect death
would enter

Mike Pool

Our old man worked down the marshmallow pits 47 years. Every day he came home pale as a penny, covered in white dust. Once when I was 37 I asked him why he did such a miserable job and he said "I wish you'd shut up."

On rainy Sundays during tin blizzards he'd take us down to the shovels, a huge pit in the middle of the city which nobody could figure out what to do with (later it became a dump). Dad would pitch rusty silverware into the yawning hole and remember his old friends Peter Pie, Gertrude Stain and Winnie the Pallbearer. He never could grow hair on billiard balls either, but he was writing a book on electric fans in his spare time called **Redeemable Sludge.**

I was going through the old man's things after he died and in a box up in the attic I found **Redeemable Sludge,** all seventeen pages of it. It wasn't about fans at all. It was about a cast iron bathtub his grandmother had, a great deep tub with feet. No shower. They hung a wire soap dish over the rim on one side and it held real soap, not the plastic stuff you get now.

How he'd get a whole book out of an old bathtub I'll never know, but they were seventeen good pages. I had no idea he could write.

CHRIS SLOAN

FOR AN ARTIST WITH TWO UNRELATED JOBS

Everyone ought to know
how to do
something useful & get paid for it.

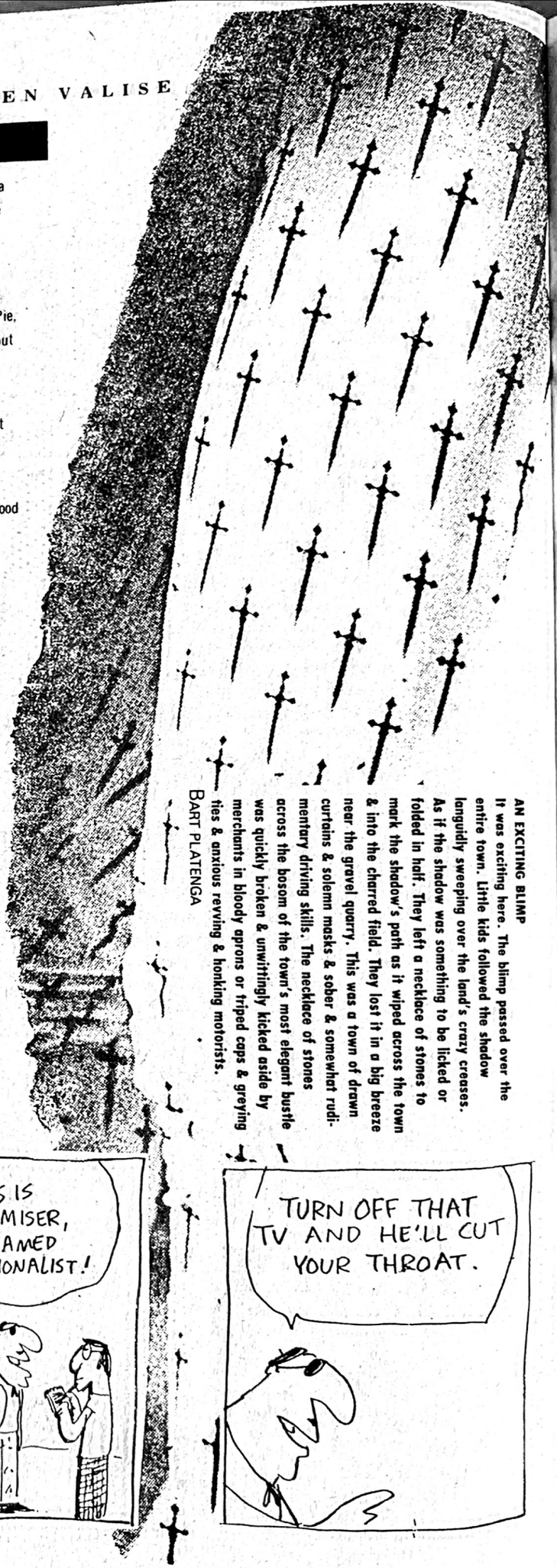
Ulysses S. Grant
earned his way
as a general in war:
He was pretty good mostly because
he was stubborn.

Later, the paycheck came
for President Grant:
He worked for it while the people around him
stole it.

Too old for war
& having made a mess
of his peace
in the end
he was forced to become a writer.

What he really wanted to do
was get drunk
but all of his life
he had to find
other sources of income.

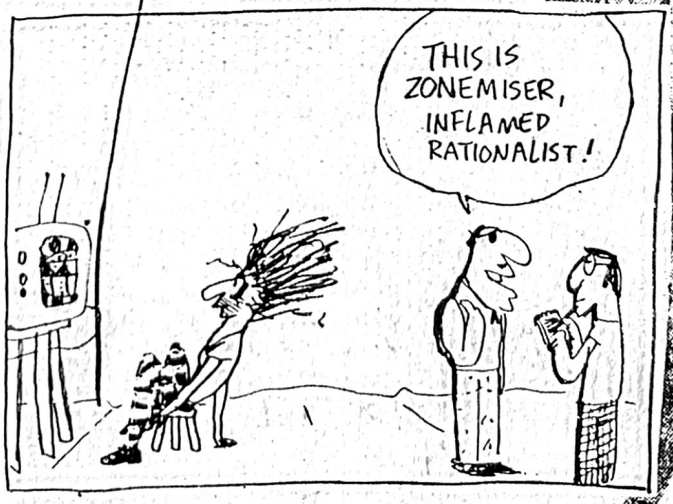
-BOB RIXON-



AN EXCITING BLIMP

It was exciting here. The blimp passed over the entire town. Little kids followed the shadow languidly sweeping over the land's crazy creases. As if the shadow was something to be licked or folded in half. They left a necklace of stones to mark the shadow's path as it wiped across the town & into the charred field. They lost it in a big breeze near the gravel quarry. This was a town of drawn curtains & solemn masks & sober & somewhat rudimentary driving skills. The necklace of stones across the bosom of the town's most elegant bustle was quickly broken & unwittingly kicked aside by merchants in bloody aprons or triped caps & greying ties & anxious revving & honking motorists.

BART PLATENGA

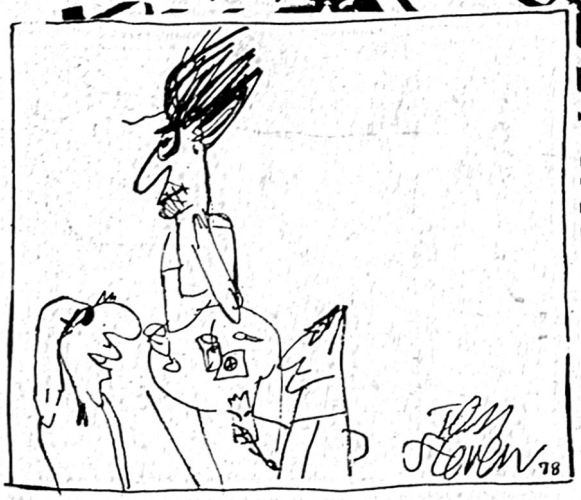


THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS + RADIO

Council For Greater New York is a co-operative gathering of communicators from eastern Long Island to northwestern New Jersey who are trying to work together on a voluntary basis. Most of the members are involved to some extent in the punk scene, but the Council, while focused on punk, is also open to other influences, and has decided to consider "punk" an attitude, a mode of thought and feeling, a set of values, rather than just a musical genre.

The Council's institutional members include eight area radio stations and a dozen publications, all of them non-commercial. The individual voting members are radio deejays (including several from FMU), zine editors, writers, artists, photographers, and cartoonists, while anyone who works on a Council project can become a Supporting Member.

The Council has no by-laws and its structure has grown organically as needed. WFMU's Pat Duncan is President and WBAI's John Bello is Vice-President (Radio). New Jersey is heavily represented both in the Council membership and in its officer positions (3 out of 5). In theory, a 2/3 vote is needed to for substantive decisions, but in its first seven meetings the Council has never had to take a formal vote, operating by consensus with a rotating chair. In a sense, it is an organized anarchy, since neither the officers nor the Council itself has any formal authority over anybody.



Apart from discussing issues of concern to the memers, the Council sponsors two types of projects: those which are intended primarily to help its members (for example: zine and tape exchanges, joint press conferences, economic savings on copying and tapes) and those which are intended to provide a service to our audience/readership. In the latter category, the Council sponsors an Upcoming Shows Service (which is expected to eventually take the form of a phone line available to anyone who wants to call in for show information), a directory of radio programs, zines, and clubs (a band directory is due out in January), and a series of compilations featuring local bands recorded live at CBGB's in New York.

Among the projects which the Council would like to undertake in the future are a van service to suburban shows (anyone with a van available for rent?), a film festival, an art show, discussion forums, a tape duplicating service for bands wanting to put out cassettes, and a series of shows to raise money for these projects. Many of these projects need volunteers from the public at large to help carry them out or even lead them, so if you'd like to put on a film festival, for instance, let us know. We need all the help we can get.

The Council is also involved in working to persuade Manhattan community representatives to help keep rock & roll clubs open in the face of economic pressures and cries by some residents to "clean up the neighborhood" by getting rid of rock & rollers. We have also addressed issues within the music scene, recently adopting a statement on freedom of the press and harassment of zine writers by a small number of people within the scene — an issue of considerable concern to our members for obvious readers.

FMU listeners who want further information about the Council and its projects can write to us at: 151 First Avenue - A; New York, NY 10003, or call Pat Duncan at the station Thursday evenings.

—Donny the Punk,
Coordinator & VP (Press)

Erik Cutler Blanchard

A CELEBRATION

All the guests have their own ideas
as they salute comedy.

While a policeman charges through cocaine,
a strong-willed woman forges a sexual identity.

The worlds greatest female impersonator
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and a social parasite.

In the mountains
a Music Video Party sports an odd couple
who meet young thoroughbred action.

In the family ruckus,
the sleepy Johnny Carson falls in love with a gardener,
and gossip in Spanish,

Young artists search a live-action Whorehouse
in a limp attempt to fire eros-hot fantasy
on the prison gate of Love.

Kurt Vonnegut ought to be a human powerhouse
for Lovers and South American Porkpie guys.

Gunga Dinn looks like a Bohemian Girl in the Alps,
bumbling a visually attractive reporter.
The radical journalist forced more real people (& ME)
to climb the highest mountain Boxing for
more details and Savannah Smiles.

WHAT DO WFMU DJ'S DO WHEN THEY ARE NOT ON THE AIR?

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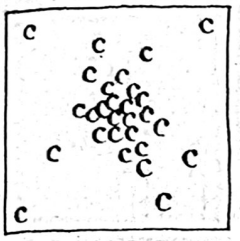
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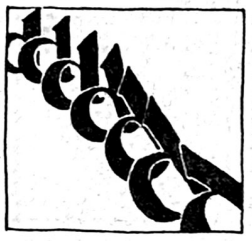
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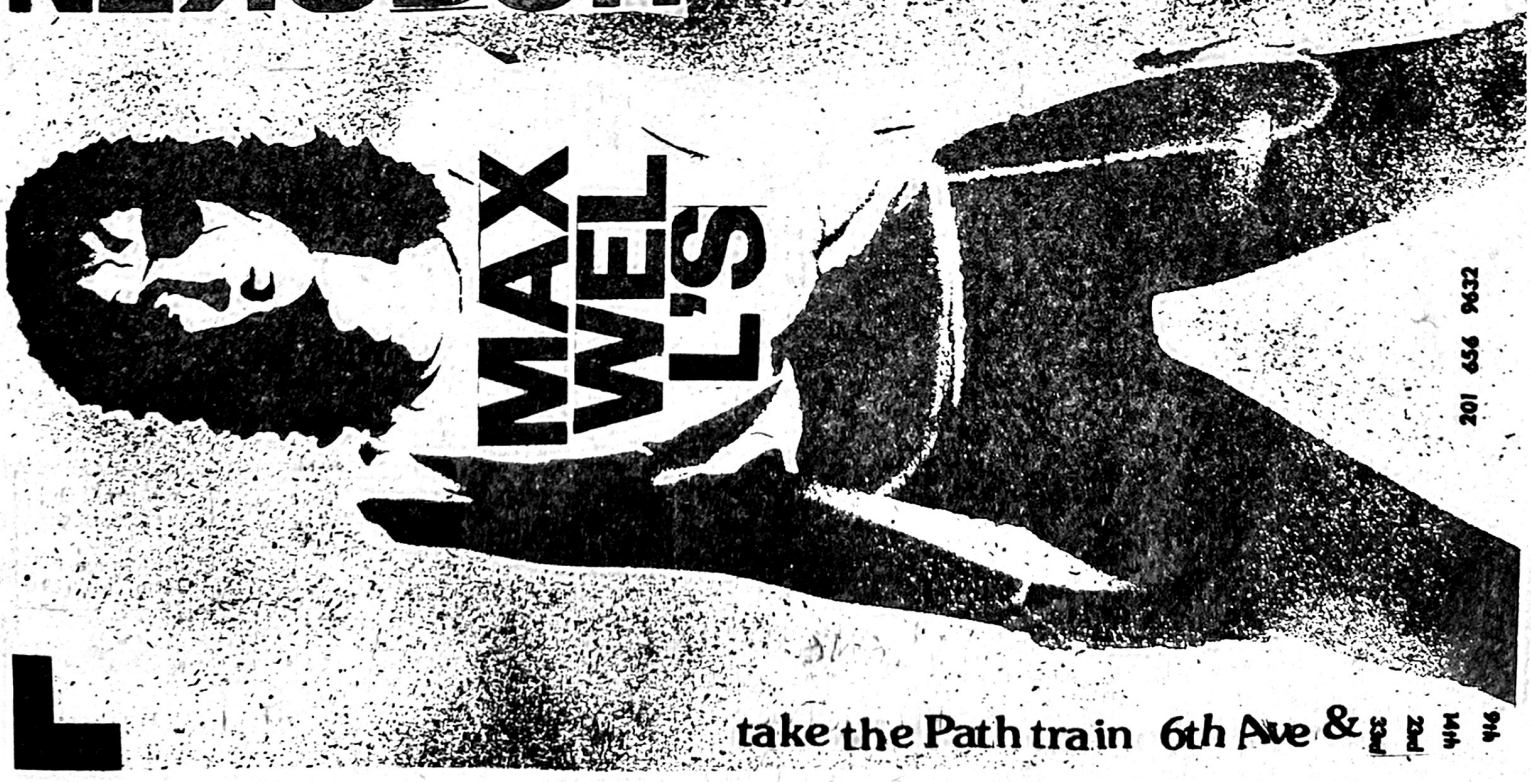

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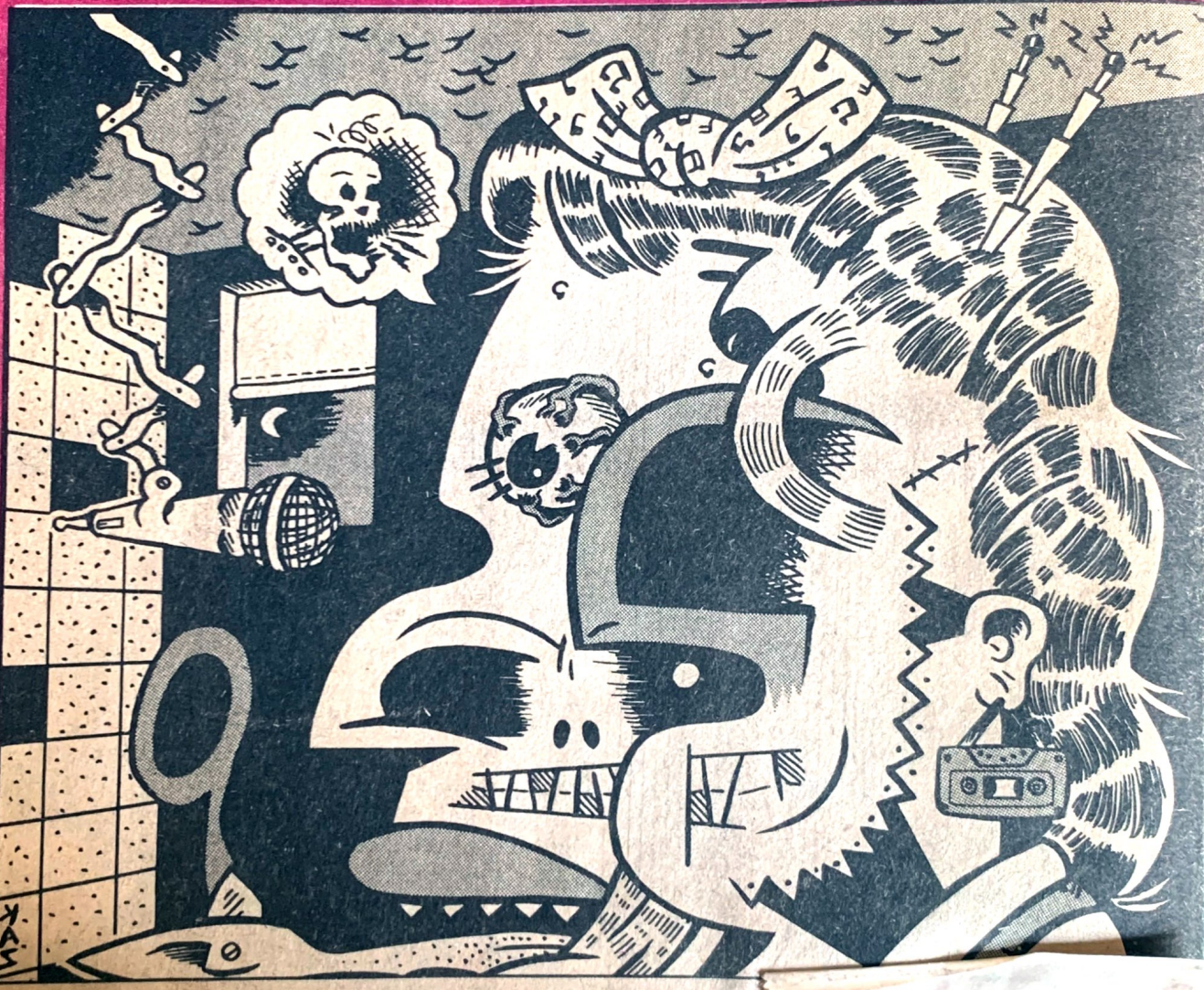
"PROGRAM GUIDE"

WINTER 86



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